

3.

Acis and Galatea.

TWO AIRS from that MASQUE.



AIR.—DAMON.

SHEPHERD, what art thou pursuing?
Heedless running to your ruin;
Share our joy, our pleasure share;
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

AIR.—ACIS.

LOVE in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbles in her breath;
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
No grace nor charm is want
To set the heart on fire.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY;